## NEW FIELD FOR FLY-CASTERS.

The Flambeau's Splendid Black Bass Offer More Sport.

They Will Take the Fly. It Has Been Found -Gamer Fighters Than Even the Trout-A Discovery of Great Interest to Anglers-Big Muskallonge Sometimes Taken Very Easily-Just the

beau, but he is an investigating angler and went ahead.

He got five black bass in half an hour. and in the next half hour landed two muskallonge of ten pounds each, and then quit because it was getting near night and he had two miles to walk to his hotel. He used an ordinary bucktail fly with a dash of red in it.

Unfortunately Mr. Sellers was taken ill immediately afterward and had to go home, else there can be no question that he would have taught the natives more about their own stream. His success stimulated other

The Flambeau is tortuous, and runs from the Lac du Flambeau region southwestwardly to its junction with the Chippewa which in turn joins the Mississippi. Its connection with the great stream guarantees that it contains muskallonge and wall-eyed pike, though none of the Mississippi's pickerel ever makes its way so far up. It holds, in addition, thousands of black bass, running in weight from a pound

to five pounds. It is more prolific of these fish than any other water in the West and men who have fished all parts of the country say that in the Flambeau the bass are gamer than anywhere else. This is due to the fact that the water is not only cold at all seasons, but is very heavy and swift.

The Flambeau has rapids every half mile; sometimes they occur every 300 yards. The muskallonge, pike and bass are obliged to make their way up these steep places in search of food. Often the fall is so steep and the rush of water so great that the climb is little short of a miracle.

bass in a shallow part of the rapids fighting its way upward. The fish will often select the shallow part of the fall because there is less weight opposed to it there. It goes is less weight opposed to it there. It goes not by swimming against the stream, but gage.

These lures, shaped like a bucktail, are These lures, shaped like a bucktail, are the stream of all sorts of colors.

in a succession of leaps, big and little.

The bass, lying in a foot of boiling water, will cast its eye upward, note the ascent, the rocks of it and estimate how far it wishes to go. It will then leap upward from its curved tail, going possibly two feet clear of the sliding surface and four feet forward. It strikes the water and is swept downward instantly, but not for more than a foot.

It finds anchorage then against the upper little more than a foot.

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It finds anchorage then against the upper little more than two inches below the surface, but it whirls when reeled in, the two spoons in front of the rod making little more than two inches below the surface, but it whirls when reeled little more than a fly and does not sink more than two inches below the surface, but it whirls when reeled little more than a fly and does not sink more than two inches below the surface, but it whirls when reeled little more than a fly and does not sink more than two inches below the surface, but it whirls when reeled little more than a fly and does not sink more than two inches below the surface, but it whirls when reeled little more than a fly and does not sink more than two inches below the surface, but it whirls when reeled little more than a fly and does not sink more than two inches the surface from flahing resorts and order frogs in the fleverian Bay country.

It finds anchorage then against the upper side of some big rocks and makes ready for another leap. So, gradually by jump after jump, sometimes losing more than it gains, it makes its way to the stretch of smooth water above.

A good many trout fishermen turn up their noses at the black bass. Yet Prof. Henshall was right and several noted English sportsmen have been right in plac-ing the black base as the superior fish of

le two.
Its flesh is fully equal to trout flesh in delicacy and flavor; it is much stronger; it will fight harder and longer and it is gamer. The Henshall assertion that inch for inch and pound for pound it is the gamest thing that swims, is not exagge-rated; it is literally true. There is no other four-pound fish in the waters of earth that, with equal tackle opposed to it, will fight as the black bass fights. It will surpass the brook trout, the rain-low, the Dolly Varden, the steelhead, the salmon and the oulnaniche. It will get thing that swims, is not exagge-

out of the water oftener, get out higher make stronger and longer rushes, display more intelligence, use more tricks, escape more frequently by sheer wit and break The pleasure opened to anglers on the

The pleasure operated to angels of the Flambeau water by the Sellers discovery is great. For the fun of fighting and taking a black bass with a bait rod is quadrupled when the trick is turned with a fly rod and fly tackle.

A sizable black bass will bend a steel rod into a semi-circle and cause the angler to pray that it may not buckle. The fish chance to show what it can do in

a wonder.

The man at the butt end must know his rod and tackle and know his fish, or he will not save any of them. If in all the combat the bass once gets the chance to throw its weight with lightning speed against the fly hook it will tear out the minute back and go. barb and go.

If the hook holds, the chances are 10

to 1 that it will snap the line, no matter of what quality of silk or how hard wound. If line and hook hold it must be a remarkable tip that will stand two successive assaults of the kind.

assaults of the kind.

When the tiny curved metal has been fastened in the fish's jaw and the first leap shows the broad sides of coppery sheen and the black back the angler must work with wary thumb. Nothing can be done with the fish except to let it have its

way.

If it wishes to rush, it must be permitted to rush, the man keeping just enough of strain on to preserve a taut line. If it leaps the thumb pressure must be released as it springs and it must be allowed to take

out as much line as its leap calls for, is the angler's duty to see that the line taut when the bass hits the water. If it speeds away or bores down the pressure must be just enough to bend the rod tip two feet down. If it speeds in, the reel must be worked like fury to take up slack. If the bass gets a yard of loose line it will wrap it around a jutting stone in a second and then snap itself loose.

Nothing kills the bass except the steady spring of the rod, and the length of time this will take depends wholly upon the strength of the fish and the amount of strain may be put safely upon the hook-

old.

Even with the most skilled hand and eye in position, the bass hocked upon the fly and shot at it, knowing that the frail line opposition, the bass booked upon the fly will escape more often than it is taken. The man does not live who can make a better average of captures than losses. So the uncertainty which is the chief charm of angling is always present from the badly by the shock. Its efforts slackened

TRIUMPHS OF THE ROD moment the fly touches the water until the fish has come up on its side exhausted or has broken away in a final desperate flurry and retired to some deep pool to think it over.

Tales of Hard Battles With

Game Fish.

think it over.

The bass taken upon regular bass tackle stands a poorer showing, though even then it frequently achieves freedom. The rod is heavier and stiffer, the line is stronger, and above all the book is larger and stourch. above all the hook is larger and stouter. Pretty nearly everything to be said in favor of the black bass is to be withheld from the Oswego or large-mouthed bass. One of the chief joys of the angler who visits the Flambeau is his knowledge that there are no Oswego bass in it from end to end. They were there once upon a time, but the black bass killed them out in short order, as they killed them out of

m short order, as they kined them out of the Potomac.

Although fly fishing on this river is not more than a month old, is has been tried enough to demonstrate its success. Fish may be taken from it by this method when they cannot be taken in any other way. It remains to be shown, of course, whether the Flambeau bass will rise steadily the season through so long as there are insects of any kind in the air, or whether their appetite for flies is merely a thing of midsummer.

Right Weather to Enjoy Fishing.

So far as the records go, no one had ever tried fly-fishing on the North Fork of the Flambeau River in northern Wisconsin until last months. Then E. B. Sellers of Monticello, Ind., formerly Federal District Attorney for that part of the State, determined to have a go at it.

He was in the upper country of Wisconsin trolling for muskallonge and getting nothing, casting all sorts of live and artificial baits for bass and getting little. Local folk told him that it would be a waste of time and muscle to use the fly on the Flambeau, but he is an investigating angler and the state of the pools or else hide under or behind some of the huge rocks. On cloudy days they are all through the water and a man is reasonably sure of a rise whether he casts over pools or in the shallows just above the rapids.

The bass have risen to flies used indiscriminately without regard to the season or their shadings. This because they have not yet been educated to a nicety of taste. In time they will become as choice as fish which live in waters constantly fly-whipped.

The most killing fly yet used on the Flambeau, but he is an investigating angler and

The most killing fly yet used on the Flambeau is the grizzly king, a nondescript sort of article dominated by neutral tints. The common white and brown bucktail has been deadly. It wets readily, sinks to a depth of an inch when reeled in and looks like a drowned moth passing through the water. This probably accounts for its efficiency, though it is hard to see how the fish explains to itself the phenomenon of a drowned insect travelling rapidly, sometimes against the current. The bucktail seems to be as good pulled up stream as when permitted to ficat down which goes to prove that bass are not so highly intellectual as some of the nature writers would have us believe.

Another killing fly is the so-called gray dropper. This is purely a bass fly, with wide

own stream. His success stimulated other anglers, however, and they did enough last month to demonstrate that the Flambeau, a stream which had not known the artificial fly during all the years it had been visited, is one of the best fly waters in America.

The Flambeau is tortuous, and runs from The Flambeau is tortuous, and runs from Anglers, however, and they did enough last dropper. This is purely a bass fly, with wide dropper. This is purely a bass fly, with wide wrings of dominicker gray, a tail of a single crimson feather, a green and gold body and a small bucktail beard. When wet the green and bucktail. It is a compact fly, not gaudy, and works well in either light or dark weather, but better when the sky is clouded.

clouded.

One angler, carrying to an extreme the humane practice of favoring the fish as much as possible, has used only trout flies on these heavy bass. He has lost many flies and fish and made some notable catches, deriving an extraordinary amount of satisfaction from any three-pounder landed on one of his little lures.

He has used with about equal success three standards, returning to them as a steady diet after experimenting with possibly fifty other flies. They are a brown and white bucktail, a black doctor, with the variation that while the body is jet black

and white bucktail, a black doctor, with the variation that while the body is let black the wings are dull gray, and a nondescript fly, with light grey wing, bright brown beard and pale green body.

All three of these are dull flies and when wet become sombre. The Flambeau water is of a dark red, and on its surface attwenty feet away these flies are almost invisible to the human eye. The flah seem to find them readily enough. This man is a convert to the theory that nearly all flies are too glaring and too much in contrast with

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It is an interesting thing to watch a big bass in a shallow part of the rapids fighting its way upward. The fish will often select the shallow part of the fall because there is less weight opposed to it there. It goes not by swimming against the stream, but

in, the two spoons in front of the rod making a wide shimmer, and it is thus more of a trolling spoon than a fly. However it may be classed, the bass like it and hit at it from afar, and once they are hooked the fight is as exciting as if they were snared y a regulation insect, natural or made to

order.

Others of these spooned bucktails are of dull brown picked out with red, or of white and black yarn, or of gray and blue and even, in one instance, of violent yellow and green, though this last has not taken

Possibly the bass strike at these things because they never any anything like them before. Curiosity slays almost as many fish as hunger. It often happens that the oddest lure gets the most strikes.

oddest lure gets the most strikes.

This is particularly apt to occur at times when the bass are full fed and are not interested in food. At such times the man who sticks to lures made to simulate things to eat will fare badly, and it is the fellow with the queer balts or files who is most apt to have a full basket.

LUCK WITH THE MUSKIES. Hard Fighting Fish Sometimes Caught With Surprising Ease.

It sometimes happens that a muskallonge, no matter how big and strong and game, is so severely hooked that it cannot and will not put up a hard fight. This is often the result of using the three hooks in a gang behind the No. 9 spoon.

Recently in Minnesota, north of St. Paul, a muskallonge was taken by an angler open water will make many a high-priced split bamboo look strained and sick in five minutes. With a fly rod of ten feet, built, as fly rods should be built, to do its killing wholly by elasticity, the resultant fight is named Harding from Red Wing, which made no fight at all. It struck, attempted to throw itself back against the reel, in without trouble.

When shot and lifted into the boat it had taken them far down into its mouth. One hook was fastened in the roof of its mouth, another in the bottom of its mouth and the third in its gullet, thus almost completely closing its throat. It had no chance to fight and if it had been able to stand the pain, and do its best, it could not

have dislodged hooks so fastened in a year. It sometimes happens on the other hand that a muskallonge, though strong and fighting hard, is taken upon apparently inefficient tackle. Recently W. A. Muchmore of Chicago came down the Flambeau River from the sheep camp, five miles from Fifield. There were six in the party, occupying three boats.

Some distance above Barnaby Rapids. Muchmore, who was casting for bass, feit a heavy strike and reefed in the hook. feit a heavy strike and reefed in the hook.
Then a muskallonge of size came two feet
out of the water and began a heavy battle.
The fish did all that it knew and Muchmore did all that he knew. His tackle
was never built for handling large fish,
so he avoided all strain as much as possible
and gave just enough of the butt to make
the muskallonge feel that it was entangled.
The fight lasted for a quarter of an hour.
At that time the fish had been fought within
thirty feet of the boat and was a foot or thirty feet of the boat and was a foot or

could not long stand the wear and tear of the contest. The bullet struck the

two yards of the boat, and then another bullet through the head finished it.

This muskallonge measured forty inches long and weighed twenty pounds. It was in perfect condition. In fact, when fighting for its life it left the water in high leaps three of four times, and the muskallonge does not often leap more than twice.

Only the most masterly handling of the Only the most masterly handling of the rod had achieved its capture. The hook upon which it was taken was an ordinary bass hook of snrall size with a light gut snell and was baited with a small frog. The line was a No. 6 of silk, the lightest bass size made, and was some five or six years old. It was, in fact, so old and rotten that Muchmore had doubts about using it for bass when he started down the river. It could be taken between the two hands

it for bass when he started down the river. It could be taken between the two hands and popped as if it were thread.

The muskallonge had been well but not painfully hooked and there was nothing to interfere with its resistance. The lucky first shot which stunned it under water had, of course, much to do with its capture, but it was a remarkable thing that it could be held for so long upon such tackle.

There is no other instance in the annals of Western angling of a fish of this size, kind and condition being taken upon such a line and hook. It was considered to be so strange a thing by other anglers that the hook and a section of the line have been hung up in the hotel with a card attached setting out the occurrence.

WHEN NOT TO FISH.

Fish Very Sensitive to the Weather Even if Not Affected by the Zodlac. Anglers know that fish are more subject o the weather than a rheumatic old maid in a Maine town, and the wise ones among them who go into the woods for an outing

of weeks do their fishing only when the skies are propitious. They fish steadily through days of good fish weather and stay quietly in the hotel playing seven-up and bridge whist through days of bad fish weather and have a good time. They show more fish at the end of the trip than the inexperienced fellows who rush out upon the rivers and lakes morning after morning, no matter what

morning after morning, no matter what the temperature and humidity.

Dr. John Crawford, one of the passenger agents of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, has a theory that there are only two or three good fishing days in a month, and that muskallonge, trout and bass are governed by the signs of the zodiac. He fishes only when the sign of Cancer is dominant, or, as he expresses it, when "the sign is in the stomach." He catches a good many fish on his days, too.

Old hands who do not carry almanacs in their grips, watch the skies and sally when things are Just right. The ideal fishing day for lake or stream is one when the sky is overcast steadily by light gray clouds

day for lake or stream is one when the say is overcast steadily by light gray clouds sufficiently dense to hide the sun and there is just enough of breeze to maintain ripples on the water.

If the sun comes out the day will be more If the sun comes out the day will be more than half spoiled, and if the breeze dies out it will be wholly so. Just as bad a state of things will follow if there is a hard rain, though fish will always bite during a drizzle, or if the breeze increases to a high wind making the water rough. On a gray day, with a steady, light breeze, bass or trout with a steady, light breeze, bass or trout will always bite at any time of the season. Again there are days when fish cannot be tempted to strike at any sort of lure, live, dead or artificial, no matter how industriously and scientifically the angler casts for them. This sort of day is perfectly still with the water like a mirror and not a breath of air to crinkle the surface. At such a with the water like a mirror and not a breath of air to crinkle the surface. At such a time the bottom of a clear lake may be dis-cerned at a depth of from ten to twenty feet, and the fish are absolutely non-respon-

sive to coaxing.

It is true that they retire to holes so deep that they cannot be seen even with the aid of a water glass, or else to tangles of rice of a water glass, or else to tangles of rice and lily pads where they are securely hidden, but even though their lurking places be known they cannot be induced to take hold. If, however, the weather should change, the sky become overcast with a moderate southerly or easterly breeze, in half an hour the fish will have taken their accountered stations will have gone to accustomed stations, will have gone to feeding and will strike avidly at any lure

Hodell was in the Georgian Bay country, where the red-eyed bass were biting hard at frogs, but not taking anything else. He telegraphed in for ten dozen frogs, and they came promptly-a beautiful lot of green frogs of all sizes in perfect condition, not a dead one in the bunch.

He was especially pleased by some three or four dozens of little fellows not larger than the first joint of a man's thumb, the ideal size of frog for the small-mouthed hase. He knew that he could take these infants, hang them on a Bing hook which carries a No. 2 spoon, and with them yank red-eyes from the vasty deep until he got enough and more than enough. He went to bed filled with happy dreams of the things

that were to happen on the morrow

The next morning he took a supply of frogs and started out. It struck him that there were not so many frogs as on the night before, but he did not believe that

night before, but he did not believe that anybody around the hotel would steal them and thought that possibly he might be mistaken. He caught some bass and returned late in the afternoon.

Examining his frog trap he found that his supply had dwindled perceptibly. He could not explain it, and was worried.

Rising early the next morning he again looked at the frogs, and was pained to discover that he had not more than a dozen of them. He could find no hole or crack in the trap which would permit them to escape. He was mystified permit them to escape. He was mystified

and grieved.

Then even as he looked his problem was solved. With a satisfied croak, which said as plainly as English could say it: "This is a good thing," one of the big frogs hopped forward three inches, opened its mouth, seized a little frog and swallowed it.

Hodell stood staring. Another big frog swallowed another little frog. Looking closely then, Hodell saw the legs of two or three little frogs sticking out of the mouths of two or three big frogs.

He called for help, and he and the guide rescued the few little frogs that were left and put them in a separate compartment. The big frogs seemed to be very fat and sleepy.

THE DOE AND THE FAWN. Things the Mother Deer Will Do to Proteet Her Young.

The extremity of fear to which a wolf will reduce a deer was shown on Round Lake in Sawyer county, Wis., the other day. There were two boats on the lake, one occupied by Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Whitcomb of Chicago, the other by Mr. and Mrs. C. Damm of Chicago. Round Lake is only a mile in diameter, all open water.

At 11 o'clock in the morning a large doe, low in flesh, showing that a fawn was following her, leaped headlong from the fringe of trees about the lake and took to the water. She was going at full speed when she showed and struggled desperately to keep up her rate of going, even when the water came to her belly. Then she went out of her depth and took to swimming.

She made straight for the Whitcomb boat, with nostrils distended and eyes showing a craziness of fright. When within ten feet of the boat the guide slammed an oar upon the water, and she then circled it, going around the boat twice and drawing nearer.

Finally the guide, afraid that she would try to clamber in and upset the craft, hit try to clamber in and upset the craft, hit with hostile intent, and that, consequently, her on the head with the car. She went the wise fish had taken to making sure by

instantly. Three minutes later it had been fought to the top of the water within two yards of the boat, and then another bullet through the head finished it. of the Whitcomb boat had been yelling at the top of their voices, but apparently the

doe could not hear them. She swam as straight for the Damm boat as for the other. Damm waited to see what she would do. She did not attempt to clamber in, but dived and passed clear under the boat, coming up two yards upon its further side. Then she began

circling it. She had been swimming hard and seemed fatigued. The Whitcomb boat by this time had got between her and the further shore. She headed for it, passed within twenty feet of it, made her way to the bank, clambered upon it and disappeared at top

This deer when in the water swam upon her left side in an odd manner, giving the people the impression that she had been badly wounded, but she showed no wound the water and her activity

people the impression that she showed no wound badly wounded, but she showed no wound when clear of the water and her activity was not at all impaired.

The wolf appeared on the edge of the lake only a few moments after the doe appeared, and retreated as soon as it saw the boats. It had been following the trail closely and could not have been more than a hundred yards behind its quarry.

It is not known what became of the fawn, but it is supposed that it escaped. It is the habit of does when attacked to divert pursuit from their offspring by every means in their power. Probably when the wolf struck the trail the doe deliberately threw herself in its way while the fawn secreted itself, the mother thus decoying the wolf into a long chase. Her nerve, however, was sufficient only for this act of daring, and when pursued for a while she became distraught.

distraught.
The trick of feigning injury or incapacity distraught.

The trick of feigning injury or incapacity to escape is common to does when they fancy that their young are in danger. The dam, if discovered by a hunter at close quarters, will either hobble about as if one of her legs were disabled or else stagger and fall as if shot through the body, or go away at a slow labored trot, tempting pursuit in every way she can devise.

It is a certainty then that the fawn has squatted like a young quail somewhere in the long grass close at hand and may be found with a little search. Woodsmen, knowing this, often pay no attention to the doe, but begin looking for the fawn.

In nine cases out of ten, if they find it, the mother will attack them in a frenzy, using her forefeet. She is not at all dangerous, however, and may be fought off with a light stick. Female deer have been

with a light stick. Female deer have been known to follow captured fawns for miles, hanging about for days in the neighborhood of the home where they have been of prigners.

of prisoned.

The most singular part of the episode imthe doe on Round Lake was its passage under Damm's boat. Old woodsmen say that they can recall no similar instance. Deer rarely attempt to dive when in the water, even though savagely pursued.

BIG STRINGS OF TROUT. 180 in a Day the Record of One Fly-Fisher

in the Moosehead Region of Maine. KINEO, Me., Aug. 1 .- More remarkable strings of trout are continually being added to the records for the present season in

this part of the State. The recent record of 131 trout in a day's fly-fishing made in the Roach River region has been beaten by the achievement of C. A. Allen of Worcester, Mass., who took 180 trout in a day. One hundred of these fish were returned to the water, and Mr. Allen asserts that he could have taken 180 more if he had cared to do so.

Clement C. Moore of New York city took a string of seventeen trout ranging in weight from 1% pounds to 31% pounds.

John W. Carnrick of New York city and a party of students fished at Cowan's Pond, a party of students issed at cowan's rond, a mile from the lake, early in the week and took seventy-five trout in a few hours fly-fishing.

"They came in triples and doubles," said Mr. Carnrick, "and I believe we could have taken a boatload. After a while we stopped catching them and let the files we have the man and the files.

lie on the water, just to see the fish scramble for them."

cellent trout and salmon fishing is being had in the quick water of the Moose River, two miles across the lake, and below the big dams at the eastern outlet. The fish are rising well at Sebec Lake, Jackman and Lake Onawa, and Carritunk has a record of thirty-eight salmon, weigh-

ing 31914 pounds.
W. H. H. Ward of Amherst, who has been fishing at Carry Ponds for a month past, has kept a record of trout taken on the fly, and the total is over 1,000.

BASS THAT LOOK FOR THE LINE. Fisherman Has No Chance With These

Very Intelligent Fish. "At a resort in the Delaware Valley where have been this season," said a New York man, "a bridge spans the river between Pennsylvania and New Jersey. It is quite high above the water, which is more than six feet deep on the lower side of the bridge, but so clear that th ebottom is plainly seen by any one standing on the bridge. And something else that is plainly seen, and which takes daily visitors to the spot, is the collection of educated black bass that in-

nabit that water. "After black bass were put into the Delware years ago, the water below this bridge was the first spot that gave proof that the experiment of stocking the river was a success. A four-pound bass was taken from one of the pools, and for years the bridge was a favorite fishing place for anglers, who were expert enough to handle a black bass so it could be raised all that distance from the water to the bridge floor. Many bass are caught there yet.

"But some seasons ago an angler made a discovery that explained why so many of the big bass that could be seen swimming so aggravatingly about in the deep pools below the bridge could not be induced to take a bait of any kind. This angler had fished long and patiently for these big fellows. Every once in a while a bass that had evidently just come up the river from somewhere would take his hook with a rush. He noticed that all the while he was playing such a fish the bass that plainly had their home in that water would lie off on the outer edges of the pool, working their gills slowly and with no apparent concern in what was going on, but watching it just the same.
"None of these bass would take any bait he might offer them. They would come up to it, apparently smell of it, swim around it two or three times and then back away and pay no more attention to it. At last and pay no more attention to it. disgusted with this scorning of his lures and skill, he reeled in his line and prepared to go home. The bait he had on was a stone catfish. He took it from the hook and dropped it into the water. He glanced after it as it fell, and he saw a big bass come up to it, inspect it a moment, swim around t three times, and then seize and swallow it. "The angler supposed that the capricious bass had concluded to go to biting, and he rigged up and began to fish again. The bass treated his bait just as they had done before, and by and by he gave it up and reeled in again. He threw his bait into the water after removing it from the hook, just as he had done before, and another bass inspected it, swam around it two or three times, and promptly swallowed it. bass inspected it, swam around it two or three times, and promptly swallowed it. Then the angler tossed bait into the water several times, each time to see it dealt with in the same way by the bass. He again tried them with similar baits on hook and line, and they rejected them in their previous manner, invariably swimming around the bait at various depths of water.

"Then the angler figured it out to his own satisfaction, and to the satisfaction of every one else, that the bass had somehow discovered that any morsel that came toward covered that any morsel that came toward them that had a line following it was there

close inspection whether a tempting looking minnow or crab, or whatever it might be that was playing about near them, had such an attachment to it, and not only by close inspection, but by the test of swimming around the object, so a line could not escape detection."

BATTLE WITH A BIG SHARK. t Occurred in Jamaica Bay and Lasted 45 Minutes.

August is considered to be the shark month in Jamaica Bay, but this year the sharks have already put in an appearance. John Whittaker of Canarsie caught one last week which was as long as his rod, and which, when speared, was found to contain six two-pound lobsters.

He was fishing with the usual eight-ounce rod and an eighteen-thread line, 600 feet long. His boat was anchored at the point of a bar in the Fishkill channel. Thinking that he might strike a stray striped bass or a channel weakfish, he put

on a large bait of shedder crab. As a measure of safety he took off his gut leader and substituted a long wire snell in case a big bluefish shou'd come along. A hundred feet of line had run off his reel, when, whizz, out went another 400 feet with a rush. He realized that he had struck a monster that he could not check with his light tackle, but he gave the fish the spring of the rod and reeled in until the

shark was within 100 feet of the boat. The wind was blowing rather stiffly and there were white caps on the bay, but through the smother of a wave he caught a glimpse of the great fish. Then the shark, in turn, catching a glimpse of the boat and in turn, catching a glimpse of the boat and Whittaker's erect figure, made a bee line for the inlet. This time it took all but twenty-five feet of line off the reel and Whittaker was feeling for his knife to save his rod, when the shark slackened. By sharp reeling he managed to return 400 feet of his line.

Realizing the difficulty of capturing so big a fish with so slender a rod, Whittaker almost decided to cut the line, but the fighting spirit got the better of his economical instinct, and he determined to fight the shark to a finish.

A flat-bottomed skiff is solid enough

A flat-bottomed skiff is solid enough in a calm, but when the sea horses are running it furnishes a very insecure foothold. However, by bracing his feet against the sides of the boat. Whittaker managed to maintain an erect position.

The second time the angler reeled in the shark was led like a lamb to the alaughter. shark was led like a lamb to the slaughter. It came up to within thirty feet of the boat, the great cleaving back fin on the fish being plainly visible. Then came

another rush.

By holding the rod straight up in the air until every fibre of the wood was strained, the angler managed to limit the rush to 300 feet. By this time Whittaker was beginning to be more confident. He is a big, muscular man, and the battle so far had only stimulated his perves and awaken. had only stimulated his nerves and awak-

ened his enthusiasm.
Seeing a chance for ultimate victory
Whittaker decided to shift his position
so that in the event of tiring the shark he could draw it up in the shallow water on the bar and shoot it. So he directed the bey with him in the boat to pull up the anchor and row 100 yards further up the bar. The tide was going out and Whittaker realized that in a short time a portion of the bar would be above the water line. From that time on Whittaker fought the

From that time on Whittaker fought the shark standing in water up to his knees, for he had jumped out of the boat. For nearly fifteen minutes the fight went on until Whittaker's arms were becoming numb from the strain.

Gradually the rushes of the great fish became shorter and the boy at last managed to plant a .38-calibre bullet in the shark's head. The shock of the bullet seemed to madden the shark for a few minutes, but it weakened rapidly and Whittaker was enabled to tow it up on the bar, where it was quieted by six pieces of lead in its ugly head.

TRY FOR A KINGFISH. Lots of Fun to Be Had in Tussles With the

Black Bass of the Sea. "Speaking of game sea fish," said the ble for them."

Cool, rainy weather has set the fish to moving in the big lake, and some handsome strings have been taken at North Bay and elsewhere near at hand. Exwater black bass than any native of the water black bass than any native of the sea, so far as my experience goes.

"He has the same symmetrical body, the same untiring spirit and affords the angler an equal amount of sport. He seldom attains to the weight of his freshwater cong n r. In nearby waters it is unusual to hook a kingfish of more than two pounds, but every ounce in those two pounds is firm, hard flesh and muscle. "No sooner does the hook penetrate

his tough mouth than there is action at his end of the line. The difference in strenuousness of fish is never more accurately demonstrated than when a kingfish is hooked on weakfish grounds. One or two lunges and the weakfish is towed to the landing net; but after five minutes play the kingfish still retains the vigor and muscle which he exhibited when he first took the hook.

"The kingfish is always found on a sandy bottom. Sometimes he resembles the fluke in his secretive habits. He will lie in the loose sand at the point of a bar in a tide way, completely submerged in the sand except his eyes, which are continually on the alert for the food brought along by the tide. Sometimes the kingfish chooses the breakers for a feeding ground, and they are frequently caught from the Coney

Island and Rockaway piers.
"Black bass tackle is eminently suited to them, but the hook should be a small Sproat bend and the line should be linen. as silk rots very quickly in salt water. The favorite bait for kingfish is shedder crab or shrimp. Indeed, shrimp is a universal salt-water bait.

Some fishermen make the mistake of "Some fishermen make the mistake of putting a dozen shrimp on a hook, making the hook look like a pin wheel. The most successful salt-water fisherman of my acquaintance uses only two shrimp. He hooks these through the tail.

"Of course, so small a bait as a shrimp does not conceal the hook. The old notion of absolutely concealing the hook has been look done away with by extert anglers. long done away with by extert anglers. The main point is to present your bait in the most natural form to your prospective victims. Hooking a shrimp through the tail gives the little fellow a chance to assume natural appearance in the water, while cooking him through the body destroys ll his chances for movement.
"The kingfish seems to be a fellow who "The kingfish seems to be a fellow who does not require companionahip. He does not herd with his fellows, as do the blue and weakfish, and it is seldom that the angler fills his basket with kingfish alone. Still, they all have a liking for sandy bottoms and the surf, and where one is caught there are sure to be several in the vicinity.

"As a food fish the king is universally conceded to be a delicacy."

WOMEN AS SALMON FISHERS. Have More Luck and More Nerve Than Some of Their Male Companions.

GASPE BASIN, Bay of Chaleur, Aug. 1 .-The honors of the salmon season have certainly gone to the women this year. There was a time when the sport was considered masculine, but now women of every age are found among the most successful fighters of the mighty salmon.

Some of them even use the heavy, fullgrown rod and winch of the practised fisherman, and with wrist and arms of steel-like strength cast their files and bring their fish to gaff But the common rule is to let the guide do the casting and handling of the rod, until the fish is hooked. when the man relinquishes it to his fair employer, and with his paddle makes the cance help her in the fight with her cap-

A gentle little Southerner was advised by her guide to drop a yellow May into a likely pool hole just below the biggest and

Continued on Seventh Page.

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